NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES
3 3333 08076 0743

PICTURE BOOK

Crane A78978[25]

Buckle my shoe

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/bucklemyshoepict00cran

# THE BUCKLE MY SHOE PICTURE BOOK

CONTAINING:

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

A GAPING-WIDE-MOUTH-WADDLING-FROG

MY MOTHER.

WITH THE ORIGINAL COLOURED PICTURES AND A PREFACE & NEW DESIGNS BY WALTER CRANE

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY

A78978

# PREFACE

WELL, I must buckle to, and put a good face (-pre-face) on the matter as I have to introduce the latest addition to the already considerable family of Crane-reprints. Here we have those delightful rigmaroles "ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE" and "A GAPING-WIDE-Mouth -WADDLING-FROG": but what, it may be asked, is "MY MOTHER" doing in such company? I shrewdly suspect, if we knew the truth, that she is really the author of both. It is probable, however, that both legends have been transmitted through a long line of mothers, assisted, per-haps, by nurses, but I had them direct from my Mother.

A pleasing romance of domestic incident runs through "One, Two, Buckle my shoe", while the "Waddling Frog" shows a rich and sumptuous imagination, if a little inconsequent, except numerically; but if he sets us agape with astonishment, his own "Wide-Mouth" seems capacious enough to swallow all the marvels by land or sea which he enumerates.

These two are quite early Cranes – almost pre-historic (please notice, however, the up-to-date additions): "My Mother" is mid-Victorian,-just after crinolines had gone out – but mothers are always in fashion,

bless them,- and you also, dear children, whether of the old or the new world, who, having chosen your parents wisely, have become possessors of this book, may your shoes never want buckling, and if by any mischance you should lose one, may Good Luck always find a spare one for you, and so set you on your feet again.

Walter Crane

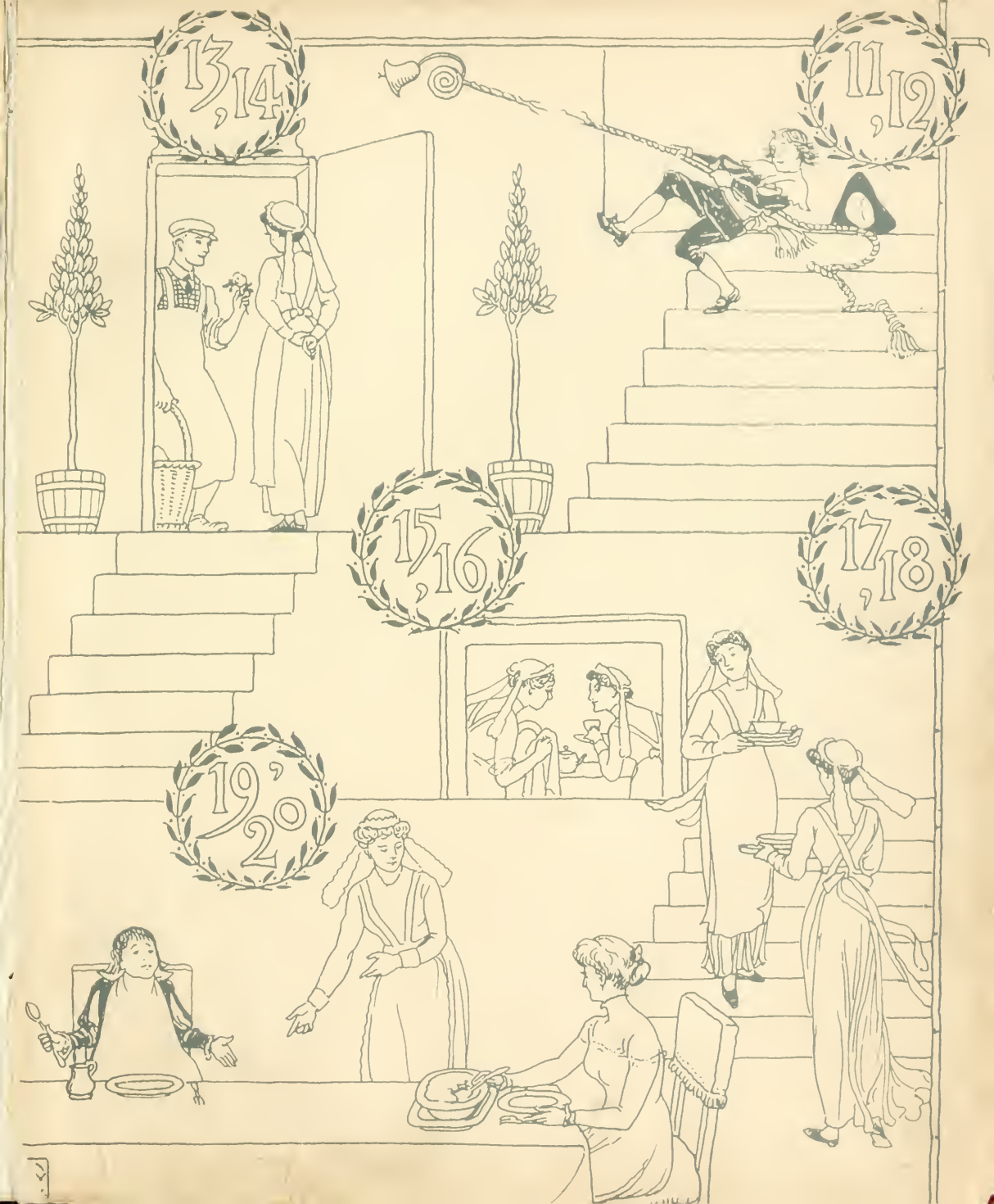
Kensington, June 1910.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

# ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

LONDON: JOHN LANE
THE·BODLEY·HEAD
NEW·YORK: JOHN·LANE·COMPY

1,2
3,4
5,6
7,8
9,10
1 2 3 4
5 6 7 8
9 10


13,14
11,12
15,16
17,18
19,20

1, 2. One Two,
Buckle my shoe.

3, 4. Three, Four,
Open the door.

5, 6. Five, Six,
Pick up sticks.

7, 8. Seven, Eight,
Lay them straight.

9. 10.
Nine, Ten,
A good fat Hen.

11, 12. Eleven, Twelve,
Ring the Bell.

13, 14. Thirteen, Fourteen,
Maids are courting.

15, 16. Fifteen, Sixteen,
Maids in the Kitchen.

17, 18. Seventeen, Eighteen,
Maids in waiting.

19, 20. Nineteen, Twenty.
My plate is empty.

1, 2
3, 4
5, 6
7, 8
9, 10

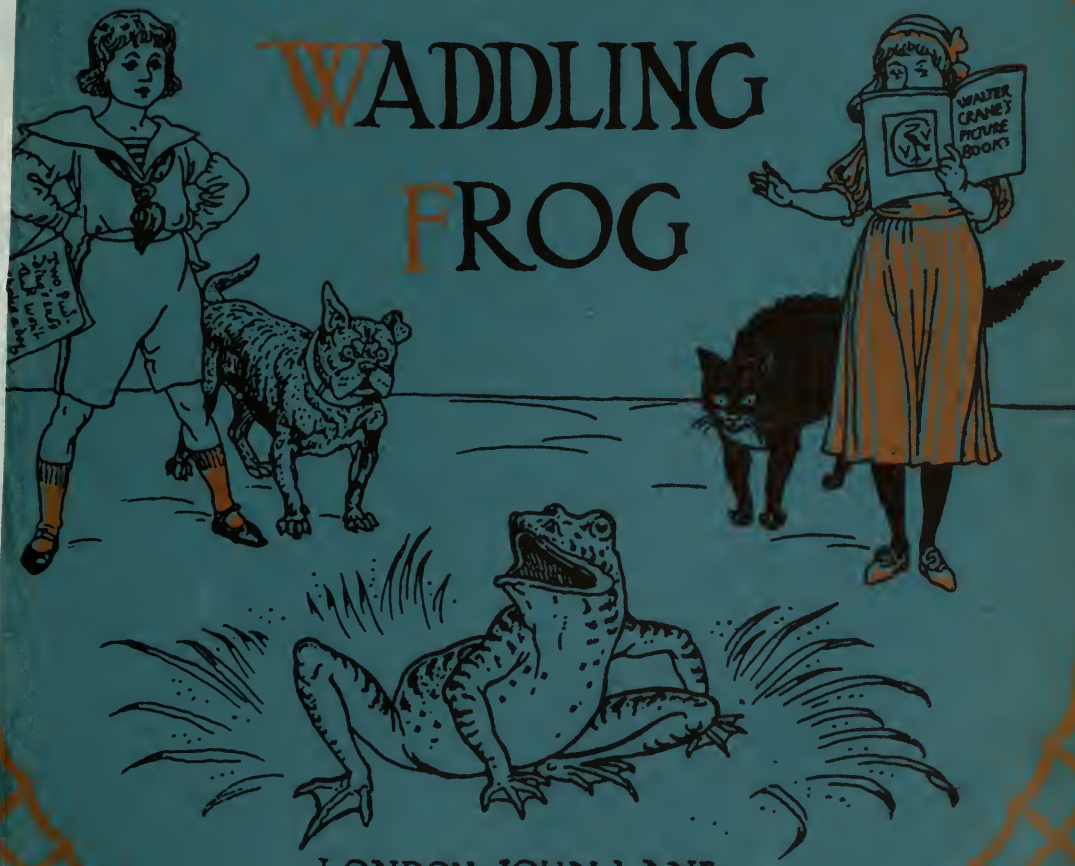
13,14
11,12
15,16
17,18
19,20

WALTER CRANE'S
PICTURE BOOKS

LARGE SERIES

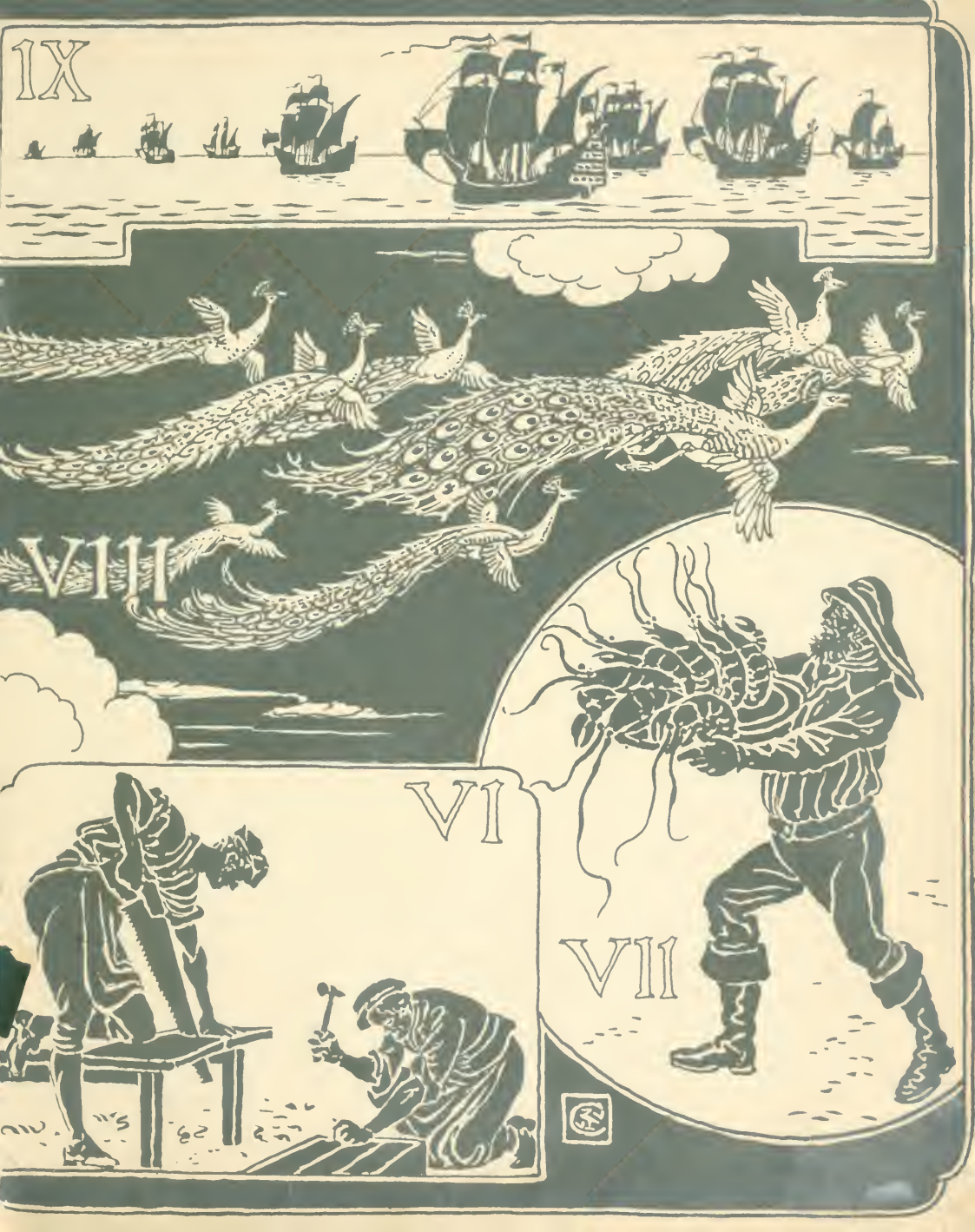
PRINTED & PUBLISHED
BY
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

# A GAPING-WIDE-MOUTH-WADDLING FROG




LONDON: JOHN LANE,
THE BODLEY HEAD.
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPY.

I II
III
IV
V


IX
VIII
VII
VI

A gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog,
Two pudding's ends would
choke a dog,
Or a gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog.

Three monkeys tied to a log,

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

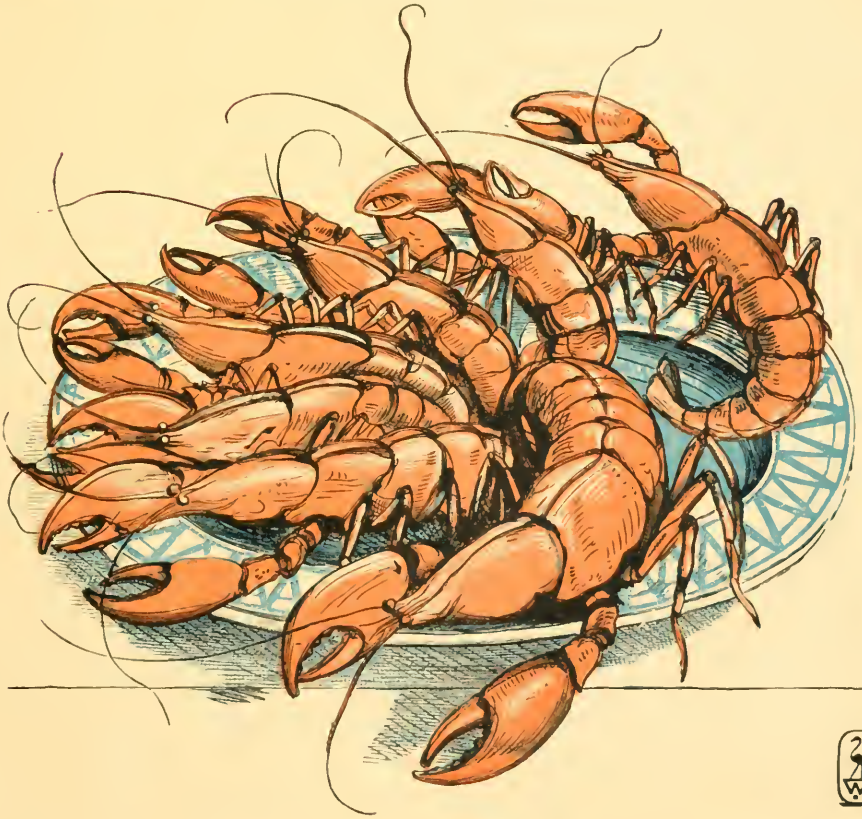
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

# Five Beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Six Joiners in Joiner's Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call,
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

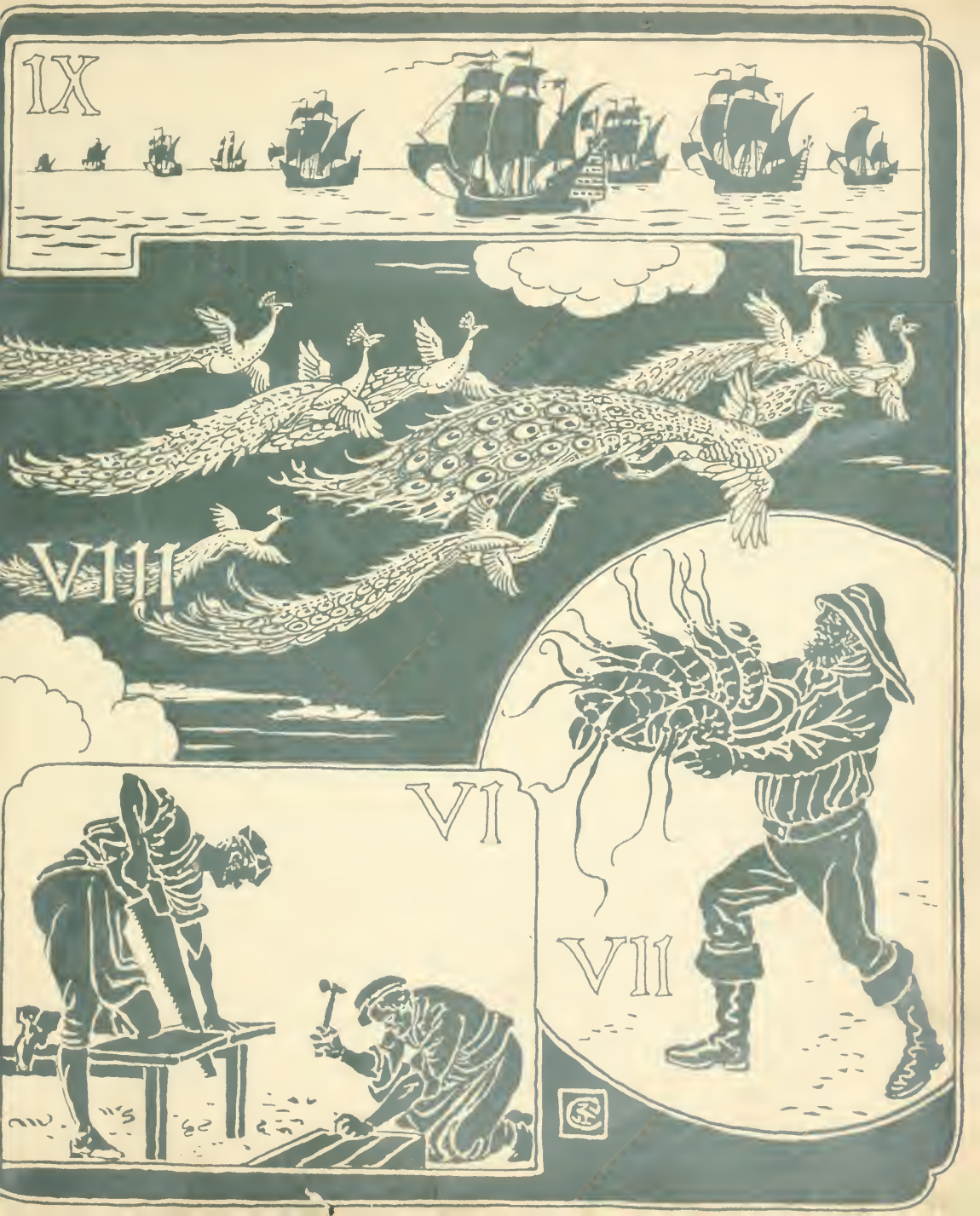


Eight peacocks in the air,

I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.
Seven lobsters in a dish, as fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall, working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall, close to an old woman's apple-stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball, who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog

Nine ships sailing on the main,
Some bound for France, and some for Spain;
I wish them all safe back again.
Eight peacocks in the air,
I wonder how they all got there?
You don't know, and I don't care.
Seven lobsters in a dish,
As fresh as any heart could wish.
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,
Working with their tools and all.
Five beetles against the wall,
Close to an old woman's apple stall.
Four puppies with our dog Ball,
Who daily for their breakfast call.
Three monkeys tied to a log.
Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.

I II
III
IV
V


IX
VIII
VII
VI

WALTER OUTHWAITE'S PICTURE BOOKS

LARGE SERIES

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY
THE CHARLES H. KELLY PRINTING CO. LTD.

# MY MOTHER

LONDON: JOHN LANE
THE BODLEY HEAD.
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPY.

## MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.
When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.
Ah, no! the thou
And if God plea
I hope I shall re

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me,
My Mother?
ut I cannot bear;
my life to spare,
rd thy care,
My Mother.
SAMUEL

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away.
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch *thy* bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.
For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in His eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My Mother.

WALTER CRANE'S
PICTURE BOOKS

LARGE SERIES

ENGRAVED & PRINTED
BY
EDMUND EVANS, LTD.